A Season of Festivity and Merriment Despite Unfavorable Circumstances.

A Hunt for a Christmas-Tree in a Desert Land -How an Ingenious Woman Made a Tree for Her Child-A Dinner in the Barracks.

[Copyright, 1889.] Sometimes I think our Christmas on the frontier was a greater event to us than to any one in the States; we all had to do so much to make it a success. Our ingenuity was taxed to the utmost, as we had no tempting shop windows to point out to us by their beguiling beauty what would be "just the thing" for this or that one. "My brain reels," said one of my pretty friends. and she ran her fingers through her bangs in a most reckless manner, furrowed her brow, thus proving that the "reeling" was going on, and I knew that the rapid approach of December 25th was the cause. "I have made John a smoking-jacket, slippers, and all the stereotyped presents for men, and last summer, while the campaign was keeping our people in the field, I made him a robe de nuit that he said was so be ruffled and befrilled he knew he would mistake his identity, and that if I clothed him in such purple and fine linen-for I even put in lilac ribbon-he would surely take himself for somebody else, which meant me. Now, what shall I make this year?" This despair was brought to an end by a happy thought. An old cap was ripped, the visor. which had survived the tooth of time, was rnbbed and oiled into freshness, and the "exact copy" we all pronounced equal to the best work of a military hatter. The really difficult part of this work was the insignia of the crossed sabres for the cavalry, and the number 7 of our regiment, underneath, worked in bullion. The latter was obtained by rubbing up a pair of tarnished shoulder-straps, turning the golden thread, which was still bright on the under

side, and using it for the new work. Whatever we did we were obliged to concoct under very trying circumstances, if we attempted secrecy, for our men were al-ways in and out of the house dozens of times a day. We had no opportunities for long, uninterrupted seasons of occupation, as do women in the States, where the husband goes to his vocation in the morning, and does not appear until 6 at night. The officers' day began at reveille, when they went to roll-call, then came stables, guard-mounting, inspecting the mess, drill perhaps court-martial duty and dress parade, stables again, retreat and tattoo roll-

call. It will be easily seen that they were

flying in and out of their quarters between

these various duties all day long.

I watched for months a horse's head be ng stitched into canvas for a sofa-pillow. No real horse had a more active life. When The sound of a clanking saber and the jingle of spurs announced the arrival of the head of the house, the work was rolled in a heap, thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with a celerity that increased with practice; for the quick movements of an active cavalryman necessitated great haste on the part of any one who vied with him

A Seventh Cavalry bride attempted with great trepidation the manufacture of her irst masculine garment-a smoking-jacket. It was impossible to make a success with out innumerable tryings on, so she impressed the striker (soldier servant) into her service. He was a model of neatness and respect. and as he was about the size of his captain, and had little else to do but stand and be fitted, the garment was gradually smoothed into beautiful shape. While the scissors snipped and the needle flew in the busy fingers, the striker stood guard in the hall or on the porch. If he saw his captain coming home across the parade ground, he came to announce the arrival, but should he appear unawares from another direction, a lively little tune whistled in the corridor was the warning that sent the jacket flying into the depths of the, closet, while the little bride, with a conscious blush, met her husband at the door, trying to look as if holiday presents had never entered her

The Christmas dinner was a feast that required long and earnest search in gathering the materials for its construction. I we chanced to be near a little town-and few forts on the frontier are without a village just outside the very edge of a govern-ment reservation—no one rode through the place without throwing a calculating glance into every yard, or about the door-yard of the less pretentious huts. A chicken, duck or turkey was quickly noted, and the owner was called out to find a booted and spurred cavalryman at the door, who accosted him with the usual frontier salutation. "I say, stranger, can I engage my Christmas dinner of you?" Once we were thrown into a a state

of envy by one of our officers, who surprised us on the long-looked-for holiday by roast pig. The apple that distended the jaws of the toothsome little animal might well stand for the apple of discord, until we found how much he paid for the piece de resistance of his dinner-table. Naturally, he would have to pay well, for was just begun was anxious to increase his stock. That same dinner, we had as an ingredient of the soup tiny birds that were delicious. They reminded us forcibly of the nursery rhyme, "Four and twenty black-birds baked in a pie." That winter was extremely cold, and there was no sign of insect or animal life on the bleak plains except these hardy little snow-birds. The ground about the stables where the horses were fed and groomed was black with this swarming bird life. They were very tame and settled themselves all over the horses. Sometimes an animal's back was completely outlined from the ears to the tail with these tiny chattering creatures. But no one had thought until this Christmas feast

of utilizing them.

Though one of the remote garrisons in which we were stationed had enough people within its limits to make a good-sized town, there were but three children of officers. The row of houses occupied by the laundresses had the usual ornaments to the front door and steps that is common to the Irishman, but the three youngsters in garrison were all the chilk-life we saw, and they were idols in their way. One mother gave up from the start trying to celebrate with a Christmas tree, but the other persisted. Notwithstanding that even on a summer's day we looked as far as the eye could see on the sunburnt grass of the plains, without a tree, or hardly a twig of green; still, the fend mother somehow seemed to believe that should any one go far enough they would either find an evergreen, or else, by some necromancy of the nineteenth century. a withered tree would be made to put forth foliage especially for her boy. The child's "paternal" sent a detail of men from his company in every direction, but no signs company in every direction, but no signs of green could be found in that desert land. Then the commanding officer, now deeply interested in the cause, sent another detail of men for a radius of forty miles around the post, but with no success. The soldiers, tired of the tedium of their confined winter life in garrison, without drills, parades, or scouts, undertook even more than required of them, but the search was

Still undaunted, the doting woman thought out a way. Down by the river the skeleton of what had been a green cottonwood sapling in the summer was cut the proper height, and fastened upright in a box standard in the sitting-room. The branches of this she covered with green tissue paper, and cut leaves out for its sparse foliage. Fortunately, there were tapers at the sutler's, for these stores, of which there is one at every post, are like a village shop, where the merchant starts out by buying "a little of everything," and as years advance the old-time things are shoved back on the shelves, or put out of sight, for there can be no "clearing out" sales on the borders of civilization. Among this surplus stock, a box of the old Noah's ark occupants was unearthed, and a few of the wooden was unearthed, and a few of the wooden toys dating back to the childhood of our oldest officer. The stiff little trees, with their verdant tops of curled shaving stained a vivid green, were not more prim than the wooden soldiers, with the wonderful chest development, who grasped rigidly an old-

CHRISTMAS ON THE PLAINS | the dead of winter, and that it was only with the greatest difficulty, and even at the risk of life, that our mail reached us, it will be understood what obstacles were surmounted to celebrate even a baby's hol-

> One universal custom was for all of us to spend all the time we could together. Al day long the efficers were running in and out of every door. The "Wish you a merry Christmas" rang out over the parade-ground after any man who was crossing to attend to some duty and had not shown up among us. We usually had a sleigh-ride, and every one sang and laughed as we sped over the country, where there were no neighbors to be disturbed by our gayety. If it was warm enough there poured out of garrison a cavalcade vehemently talking, gesticulating, laughing or hyperiag here of Christman carols ing or humming bars of Christmas carols remembered from childhood, or starting some wild college or convivial chorus where everybody announced that they "wouldn't go home till morning" in notes very emphatic if not entirely musical. The feast of the day over we adjourned from dinner to play some games of our childhood in order to make the States and our homes seem a little nearer. Later in the evening, when the music came up from the band quarters, every one came to the house of the commanding officer to dance.
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> With a garrison full of perfectly healthful people with a determination to be merry, notwithstanding the isolated life and

utterly dreary surroundings, the holidays were made something to look forward to the whole year round. ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER.

APPLAUSE NOT WANTED. It Is Prohibited in St. Petersburg, and th Playgoers Frown Upon the Custom. The Transatlantic.

The management of the imperial theaters

of St. Petersburg has recently caused the publication of an announcement interdicting all noisy manifestations of delight during the progress of the spectacle. The pub-lic are entreated to abstain from applaud-ing the artists while the curtain is up, while the artists are strictly forbidden to respond to calls, make acknowledgements or in any way attend to the demonstrations of the audience. All these things are to be postponed till the end of each act. This proceeding has met with the approval of the entire St. Petersburg press, but the public seem to regard it as an arbitrary interference with a cherished liberty and an unjustifiable check on a legitimate expression of spontaneous enthusiasm. A correspondent of the Novoe Vremya, signing "Z." writes as follows in criticism of the action of the theatrical management

"I am utterly unable to agree with your dramatic critic who indorses the announcements inviting the public to refrain from applause and calls during the performance in order not to impair the integrity of the dramatic impression and the scenic illusion,' and who even asserts that this arrangement will have a wholsesome influence on dramatic literature. In this case there is nothing deserving approbation, for the following reasons:

"The clapping of hands is a reflective movement, which a man makes unconsciously and as often as he feels keenly; therefore different people applaud differ-ently. To prohibit applause is like prohibiting yawning, sneezing or winking. "Hand-clapping as an expression of delight is not exclusively related to the theater and artists; there is hand-clapping in Parliament, at grand festivals, at banquets during the speech-making, at races, in court.
The ancient Greeks applauded Herodotus
when he read his history; in Italy the appearance of the King is greeted with applause; in France they applaud the lectures of the professors. The army applauded Napoleon; in Spain the bulls are applauded And, moreover, they all applaud in the momoment when the impression is being ex-

applause hired claqueurs are required.

"If the applause is deserved, if it breaks out involuntarily during the performance, ithis the best reward for artists devoted to their art, and the best measure of their quality. How often does one witness the infinite enthusiasm of the public, and the unfeigned shedding of tears by the artist moved by the suddenness and genuineness of its manifestation! Is it possible to postpone these sincere ecstasies for twenty minutes, till the intermission?

perienced, not half an hour later. For such

"The regulation of applause is no new thing. The theatrical management has invented nothing. In Rome, as generally in the South (at present, for instance, in Italy), the public like to applaud and to shout; hence, from the time of Augustus lown theatrical officials in ancient Rome endeavored to 'control' the applause, especially at lyrical performances. The artist concluding the play said, 'Vadete et applaudite,' one of the musicians gave the tone and the audience, divided in two choruses, shouted in unison the formula of de-light.

"Nero went even further in this direction. When he acted on the stage Seneca and Borus gave the signal for applause by saying, 'Plaudite cives.' Young horsemen retributed among the audience contributed to the unanimity and the seasonableness of the applause. This arrangement continued up to the time of the Theodorics. What, one may ask, is Nero's emample to our management? And even the example of the wise Seneca should not serve as a

justification. "In the last century the hot theatrical battles that were fought by the respective admirers of rival actresses again brought to the front the question of the abuses of applause. In favor of applause, however, came out Voltaire, and earlier Moliere and other authors. We may fitly now repeat the words of Soumrakoff. Will Moscow rather believe a police sergeant than M.

"In France they have always applauded in the midst of the performance; the famous words of Talma in Manlius, 'Qu'en dis-tu?' have usually been interrupted by ceaseless applause. And your dramatic critic is wrong in stating that at present in France they do not applaud amid the acting. On the contrary, it is more than forty years since they, in imitation of the Italians, organized a troop of claquers (les chevaliers du lustre, they are called, from the place they occupy beneath the luster.)

riven the English freely applaud the artists, and compel them to repeat that which pleases them.

"Hitherto only expressions of dissatisfac-tion and hostile demonstrations have been censured, though even the right to hiss the players has been regarded by many writers as one 'acquired by the public at the ticket office.' But nobody has ever denied the right of going into raptures. Is it possible that we cannot enjoy even this right, except by special concession?
"I do not, of course, deny that the clapping of hands and calls are occasionally wearisome, particularly when they pass into disorderly and wild out-bursts. Jean Jacques Rousseau remarked that singers are mostly applanded for their tricks, as showmen on the marketplace. But spectacles without applause

are still more tiresome and deadly cold. This can be observed at state spectacles, where, from a certain proper sense of deli-cacy, applause is dispensed with. To mod-erate the occasional wild outbursts is im-possible without a change in the tempera-ment and education of the audience. Regulation is utterly futile, and many ages will have passed before mankind generally will acquiesce in the poet's words, that 'silence is the applause of genuine and lasting impressions'"

A Good Plan.

Sarab O. Jewett. I must make a confession that I some times give myself a Christmas present, and so add another delight to that delightful day. For oneself Christmas is apt to be a season of extreme self-denial; there are always so many things one longs to do to make pleasures for one's friends, and, of course, the best happiness comes from so doing. But it is an amazingly good plan doing. But it is an amazingly good plan to have some pleasant association and reminder of one's very own—to buy some long-coveted book, for instance, or manage to save a few hours for an often-planued walk, and so take a pleasure (long deferred otherwise or crowded out), just because it is Christmas day. A bit of selfishness of this sort need not leave one's friends the this sort need not leave one's friends the

Hamlet without Hamlet.

It has developed that the organization of a "Northwestern Association." at Washing-ton, D. C., is for the purpose of looking after the silver and irrigation interests. Minne-sota, Wisconsin and Iowa are left out of the combination.

BILL NYE'S VALUABLE FIND

He Discovers Some Remarkable Private Epistles to President Harrison.

Soulful Miss Marigold Butts and Virtuous Mr. Brightwaters Plead with Him-A Prairie Funeral and One on Broadway.

A man in Washington, who says he is a buyer of old paper rags, paper, etc., etc., on a large scale, told me that he bought, not long ago, a quantity of waste paper at the White House, and said that a boy of his, who is just old enough to prowl around and pry into such things, began to read over some of the still legible, but unimportant letters. He found quite a quantity of them which were not personal enough to seriously involve anybody if printed without the signatures, and so he allowed me to use some of them.

One reads as follows: "Mr. President of the United States, Sir-I see by the papers that you are coming West as far as Chicago this month, and so, of course, you will pass through our place. We live at Marion, this State, and my name is harrison. I am of Scandinavian extrac-tion. It happened about 40 eight years ago. Would you mind stopping over one train with us, where you could be quiet? I do not want nothing off you, but, oh, I would be so glad to take you to my house and show you to my children. We could have a little bite to eat, and if you do not mind taking it Farmer fashion we could have a good time. I will not make any difference on your account, except to have some prunes stewed, so you can have something in the Way of fruit.

and it shall not cost you a sent while in the "So far none of the Presidents have ever stopped any length of time in our place, and none of them have been to my house at

"I will get you too and from the train,

"I was in the war. Served all the way through it, and overhet myself at Bull's justly celebrated Run, but did not ask for "Will you stop with us? We will freshen mackeril if you will, and if you are com ing we ought to begin now.

"There will be no speeches and you can take off your coat in the sitting-room if you "Yours with great respectfulness and sincerely yours, also, 'EARNEST MOXIE HARRISON."

(This name is fictitious.) Another one is written by a young wom-an who is very ambitious to do something in the world which will attract attention. She states as follows: "MR. BENJAMIN HARRISON, "President of the United States of Amer-

WASHINGTON, D. C. "Honored Sir-I know you will think me a great bore to write to you, but I must go to some one whom I can respect. My parents, unfortunately, do not belong to that gang. They are rude, and at times their behavior is extremely rocky and

"I have long wanted to be something more than a beast of burden and nonenity cooking things for people to eat up or knit-ting great coarse socks for men folks. I am hungry for the pladits of the people which is ever ready to demonstrate that earnest endeavor can mitigate or at least in a measure, and possibly even to a greater degree those which is first to recognize true merit of mind or heart, whether in friend or foe, is my earnest prayer and wish from day to day, both to you and yours, whilst we journey through life.

"I hate drugery, oh, so much, and know that I have a soul if I could give it scope. It pants some days, oh, so hard for expression, and yearns for recognition, till it just seems as if I would better just quit the

"Oh, why was this spark ever planted in my breast, Mr. Harrison, if not for a noble purpose? I want to appear before the publie as soon as I can, but my parents are quite coarse. Father works hard, but makes himself offensive to a young man of gentle mold, who comes to converse with me at times. Father employs the solar system as a cuspidor, and for soul and thought, and things like that, he says he 'does not care a tinker's dam.' (I use his exact language.)
"As for me myself, I hunger for the applause of my fellows. I can recite things on the stage with great facility, and almost forget



Her Unappreciative Ma. nyself in some of my delineations, though I have a good figure, and have been told so twice by a man who travels for a large seed-

"Would it be too much for you to write me a kind word of encouragement, remembering that practically I am an orphan, for my parents are no good on earth. Mother can cook a good meal of victuals, and keep house; but what is that, Mr. Harrison, to one who pants and cries out for the plaudits

house in Detroit.

of the masses?
"Mother says my figure is no better than hers was at my age, and goes on to state that when my figure is like hers I will be sorry that I had not learned how to cook. "I have taken lessons in elocution and gestures, and am well fitted to adorn a higher plain of society than I now move in. A word from you would aid me very much, and might influence my parents for good. I inclose stamp for reply, and will ever re-

"Your sincere little friend and admirer, "LAURA MARIGOLD BUTTS." (This name is also highly fictitious.) Another is from a plain man who writes with bluing on a letter head which is beau-tifully executed in purple by means of a rubber stamp. It is as follows:

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable. Boarding and Baiting. Also Intelligence Office. Horses taken to board by the day or week,

"To the President of the United States: "Sir-It is seldom that I monkey with the

high perogative of a person who has enough to think of his own self in carrying out the duties of his office, but I must say that it is time to call a halt, as our paper here last week stated. I am not a hide-bound radical, either Democrat or Repub-lican. I never was hide-bound as you might say, and if I had been I would have known what to do for it, for I have a condition powder that has no equal; but Mr. President I do say that the way politics is con-ducted in this country is scandalous. It is not confined to any party but the loafers of the United States are the men that expresses the will of the people. How a man can live in a doubtful state nowdays and avoid the perdition Vestibule train is more than I know. Men who want to be able to look Gabriel in the face should avoid the doubtful state as they would the deadly Upas tree of the reading book, Mr. Harrison. "I've got three boys growing up. Mr. President, and I like them first rate. They are not allowed to loaf around the livery stable, but have to go to school and be better boys, I hope, than what their father was before them. But some day they may win attention enough to be used by a caucus. Young and foolish like, they will think it means that if faithful to their consciences they will be rapidly advanced. By and by they will learn different. Then will they have the moral strength to go into the livery stable industry, or will they yield to the political customs of the coun-

stand against the patronage in a doubtful

"Suppose God should introduce the ques-tion of utility into the plan of salvation. Suppose he stopped and asked himself every little while, when a man with a sinsick soul came along, requiring salvation, Will it pay? Will it make religion more popular in the country this fall, or will it hurt the administration? "No, you can't do it that way, and do right. It pe-ters me a good deal, because when it gets to be a question of utility



That Lone Prairie Funeral. among high officials, there is no stopping-place. If I had a better command of lan-guage, and knew as much about grammar as I do about how to discourage botts, would write a long piece for the North American Review regarding this thing, but I have to work mighty hard to express my-self even feebly as I do. I hope you will not let up on Congress, Mr. Harrison, till you impress both houses with the idea that they are not in session purely for the purthey are not in session purely for the purpose of putting up a job for the next election. I know there are a great many puremen in Congress, for it has been so stated repeatedly in the Congresional Record, one of our biggest and most sprightly publications, a paper that may be called the wastepaper basket of both houses, for what nobody will listen to in Congress may there be embalmed in imperishable characters for the use of the vast army of Yahoes scattered throughout our broad land. scattered throughout our broad land, amongst which I beg leave to subscribe

Yours truly. "EARNEST BRIGHTWATERS." Scooting along the smooth and beatifully ballasted road-bed of the Great Interstatecommerce-bill Defyer railway, the other day, and lolling back in the rich purplevelvet upholstery of its costly carriage, we caught a glimpse of a country funeral. It was going slowly across the wind-swept prairie, with the cold, bleak sky and frosted fire-weeds skirting the horizon. The clergyman sat on the seat with the undertaker, and his nose was extremely red as he faced the blast. The undertaker wept steadily and honestly as the north wind played about his purple bugie. The mourners rode in a cheerless lumber wagon, and little fro-zen fatherless children, with green bedquilts over their shivering knees, helped to heighten the gloom.

How different from the cheering, sociable, business-like air of a funeral on Broadway. I saw one not long ago on that street, and made a minute of it while attending my regular blockade below Fulton street—in fact, I made sixty minutes of it before I got through. This is the order of the pro-

1. Hearse containing deceased and driven by a handsomely dressed coachman who swears in a gentle manner at the truckdrivers who try to delay the procession by coming in at Fulton street. Hearse occasionally gets its wheels into the street-car track and cannot get out, though emitting a low, guttural sound.

2. Broadway car No. 008, driven by a coarse man with a horn whistle half-way down his throat; he is prevented from swallowing it by a stout string connecting the whistle with his button-hole. He is heard ever and anon whistling at the hearse-driver as who should say, "Come, wake up, wake up; don't delay business."

8. Carriage-load of mourners in close

4. Load of green hides and pelts, driven by a profane self-made man, wearing a retired policeman's helmet and an injured air, which later is also shared by his cargo.
5. Load of iron rails, hauled by four large horses and driven by a deaf-and-dumb gentleman, who is not in any way related to

6. Clam-bake load of excursionists going over to Staten Island for painting purposes, accompanied by embryo Jags. 7. Close carriage containing other relatives of deceased and driven by a new man, who is not familiar with New York city. baving formerly driven a thrashing-machine near Owatonna, Minn. He knows that if he loses sight of the hearse he will wander further and further away from the grave. In the meantime a procession of oyster openers, headed by a German band, cuts in ahead of him from a side street, and the pole of an ice wagon knocks a hole in the back of his carriage.

8. Ice wagon owned by the Hudson River

Microbe Ice Company, and driven by a man who has done time at Warble Warble-on-the-Hudson for beating down a clothing man on the price of an overcoat by means of a base-ball bat.

9. Heavy truck, hauling consignment of limburger cheese for a down-town house. driven by a noseless man who was bitten a warm personal triend during the war. 10. Procession of excursionists known as the Mock Turtle Club, headed by drum corps and followed by Chrystopher street car No. 202, driven by man with ingrowing moustache and dog-call whistle. 11. Other mourners in open carriage, smoking election cigars.

12. Salvation Army passing through New York on its way to convert Newark. 13. Ambulance on its way to pick up



How It Looks on Broadway. some mangled people who tried to escape from a fire-proof building by means of a 14. Parade by Knights of Pythias with drawn swords.

15. City officials with drawn salaries. 16. Milk wagon carrying pure country milk and cream accompanied by an occasional muffled croak. 17. Other mourners in dog-cart reading

evening papers.

18. Load of baled hay driven by a scholarly-looking colored man, in a high hat and red flannel shirt. 19. Another and competing funeral from the East Side, which cut in at a side street before the police could interfere. 20. Balance of original procession interlarded with horse cars, butcher-carts, beerwagons, cabs, profanity and rag-fanciers. An unknown man can have a bigger and cheaper demonstration by dying in New York than in any other place I can at this moment call to mind. To die in New York and get one of these funeral demonstrations almost pulls the stinger out of death.

BILL NYE. King Alfonso as Godfather.

King Alfonso has had a great many dignities since his birth. The latest one was his elevation to the-in the church's eye-serious function of godfatherhood. He promised and vowed—by proxy, of course—in the name of a youthful son of the Comte and Comptesse de Morella, to renounce those pomps and vanities which are the best reason for the existence of thrones. The christening took place at St. Peterstime gun: but the little king at this revelry reached just as greedily for the ram-rod-like soldier as he did for the celored glass balls or the apples bristling with cloves which swayed over his head.

If one only considers that we were hundreds of miles from a railroad, that it was a real road, that it was a real road so the coult to the political customs of the count is and swap their souls for a salary?

It was a speedily for the ram-rod-like soldier as he did for the celored glass ball to was an elected that it was a sum of the count was all the embassador of his most Cath-like way it is nowadays you don't even know when you are elected that it was a speedily for the ram-rod-like soldier as he did for the celored glass burns and swap their souls for a salary?

The way it is nowadays you don't even know when you are elected that it was a speed over his head.

If one only considers that we were hundred and you are socked into an office just to see the carlistinum of the count was all the embassador of his most Cath-like way it is nowadays you don't even know when you are elected that it was a speed was an experiment.

Indiana. The freak ought to make a good which nearly elected you, is able to be carlistents the count was all the chital the count was all the count was all the chital states.

It was a speed in the count was all the count was all the chital states.

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In diana, the chital states was all the count was all the chital states was all t burg, and the embassador of his most Cath-olic Majesty was Alfonso's proxy. Cabrera, the Carlist chief who gave so much trouble

Written for the Sunday Journal. Christmas Chant Royal to the King of Kings. What God hath wrought, long Centuries ago, What man hath cherished in divinest lore, Chant, richly Chant! in stately chords and slow, Intone the Marvel done this day of yore!
Sing of the Star that burned so strangely bright,
Of Angel voices heard that Hallowed night,
When all the folding heavens, east and west,
Betrayed the going of earth's Gracious Guest, And steeped with prescient joyfulness, all things Did glorify a little Babe's behest. All hail to Him, the boly King of kings!

Yea, sing how though unto the Child did go The wizard ones, to Worship and Adore, And lowly bending at his feet bestow The Gold, and Myrrh, and Frankincense they

How though high heaven, in starry splendor Did homage to the Promised Prince of Light, Nathless, below, men idly slept, nor guessed The priceless Gift of Great Messiah blest; Nor star, nor song, nor shining angel wings That Lordly Presence anywise confessed! All hall to Him, the holy King of kings!

For so God chose from out a Manger low The Light divine of all the World to pour: And so He willed His own Dear Son should go In Mortal Guise from out that stable door;
Yet did He gird Him with such matchless Might
Gainst Death, and Wrong, and Evilness to smite,
That for all souls by sieging sins opprest,
He made the Certain Citadel of rest. What need, indeed, of Earthly Blazonings, Of pomp, of purple, or of regal cresti All hall to Him, the holy King of kings!

The Nazarene, reviled, aquaint with woe, Who all our mortal garb of sorrow wore; Who meekly proved how that He Loved Us so. Nor Shame, nor Scorn, nor grievous Death forbore;
The Risen Monarch, from before whose sight
All powers of evil fiee in sore affright;
The Piteous Lord, whose all-forgiving breast
Hath boundless bounty both for worst and best;
The God Majestic, whence eternal springs
All Glory, Grace, and Light ineffablest.
All hail to Him, the holy King of kings!

Aye, though the years to olden cycles grow, Yet still, with Newborn Gladness, o'er and Men learn the lesson of the Christ, and so Shall all the Ages hence Forevermore: Forevermore shall earth His Praise recite And sound His greatness into beaven's height: Still sinful souls, by His Great Love caressed, Shall fain Forego each God-forbidden guest, And seek the Ceasless Shelter that He brings The hurt, the helpless, and the heart distressed. All hail to Him, the holy King of kings!

And so this Day, though loosed in flurried flight, The spangling enowsen wrapt the world in White, Let every Hearth with Holly-boughs be drest, This Feast's fair Honor Freshly to attest; Let Trolls be trolled, and every Bell that rings With chiming cadence still the Theme invest; All hail to Him, the holy King of kings!

Written for the Sunday Journal. Greek Love Songs. THE GREEK GIRL'S SONG. To-day my lover tends his flocks; He roams with them through fragrant meads And guides across the barren rocks, With his own hands the lambs he feeds And soothes them when the winds are cold or terror comes among the fold. They soon forget the night's alarms. When folded in his shielding arms.

So good and true to them is he I know he will be kind to me. My lover walks in paths of peace, He would avoid the conflict's noise And bid the warring legions cease. He is content with simple joys; He fain would always journey through Tall grasses shining in the dew

Beside the quiet mountain streams; So faithful is his love of home His heart I know can never roam.

And tend his sheep and dream his dreams

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG. As fair as the flocks that graze There 'gainst the hill's restful side; As sweet as the breath of night When across dim flowery ways Pours a mellifluous tide, Winging an odorous flight:

Thus is the maiden who sends Songs to the shepherd that tends Sheep by the streams, and who dies In the delight of her eyes.

Down by the shore in the night Rush the great breakers, nor cease Oft till the dawn lights the crest: And so is love in its might, Stirring my soul from its peace Leaving the shepherd no rest.

Oh, if the sheep could but learn

For me the answer I yearn! Come, my fair flock, we shall see What is the answer for me! -Meredith Nicholson. The Star.

They followed the star the whole night through; As it moved with the midnight they moved too, And cared not whither it led nor knew, Till Christmas Day in the morning. And just at the dawn, in the twilight shade, They came to the stable, and unafraid,

Saw the blessed babe in the manger laid. On Christmas Day in the morning. We have followed the star a whole long year, And watched its beckon now faint, now clear, And it now stands still, as we now draw near

To Christmas day in the morning. And just as the wise men did of old, In the hush of the winter dawning cold, We come to the stable and behold The child on the Christmas morning.

O babe, once laid in the ox's bed With never a pillow for thy head, Now throned in the nighest heavens instead, O Lord of the Christmas morning!

Because we have known and have loved thy star. And have followed it long and have followed i From the land where the shadows and darkness To find thee on Christmas morning: Accept the gifts that we dare to bring, Though worthless and poor the offering, And help our souls to rise and sing In the joy of thy Christmas morning.

Some Time. Last night, my darling, as you slept, I thought I heard you sigh, And to your little crib I crept And watched a space thereby; Then, bending down, I kissed your brow-For oh! I love you so— You are too young to know it now, But some time you shall know.

Some time, when, in a darkened place. Where others come to weep, Your eyes shall see a weary face Calm in eternal sleep.
The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile may show— You are too young to know it now, But some time you shall know.

Look backward, then, into the years, And see me here to night-See, O my darling! how my tears Are falling as I write; And feel once more upon your brow The kiss of long ago-You are too young to know it now, But some time you shall know. -Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.

A Vigil. On either side the gate, Looking out o'er the land The two tall poplars stand; Silent they watch and wait; A red rose grows by the fastened door. And blooms for those who will come no more Up the pathway strait.

Empty are byre and stall, But the waters plash and gleam, And the low trees by the stream
Let their yellow leaflets fall
Bright as of old; and the waste vine flings Her strangling tangle of leaves and rings O'er the ruined wall.

Who cometh hushed and late Here in the dusk? for whom Do the blood-red roses bloom, And the faithful poplars wait! What is it that steals through the crumblin With soundless feet on the pathway strait, In the twilight gloom! -Graham R. Thomson.

But for a Moment.

I will not think of thee as gone afar To some invisible and distant shore Unreached by human eye or earthly lore, Further from me than the remotest star
Where undiscovered constellations are
The sparkling dust of heaven's eternal floor;
But rather say, "Why should my heart be sore!
After the long day's tumult, toil and jar,
Thy work is done a little while before My own, and thou has entered, gladly free, Into another room, and left the door Of its calm peace and rest unclosed for me To follow soon—and in a moment more. My darling, I am coming after thee!" -The Independent

At Dawn. In the night I dreamed of you; All the place was filled With your presence; in my heart The strife was stilled.

All night I have dreamed of you; Now the morn is gray. How shall I arise and face The empty days

AN OVERCROWDED PROFESSION.

A Pennsylvania Jurist Thinks There Are Too Many Lawyers, and Suggests a Remedy.

Judge John J. Wickham, in Pittsburg Legal Journal. In a recent address to the American Bar Association, David Dudley Field, the ominent lawyer, made the following statement: We have, it is computed, nearly 70,000 lawyers in the country. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 6,000 lawyers and 2,400 other officials who do the work of attorneys with us, and Germany, with a population of 45,000,000, has in the same category 7,000. Thus the proportion of the legal element is in France one to 4,762, in Germany one to 6,423, and in the United States one to 909. Taking all these figures together, is it any wonder that a cynic should say that we American lawyers talk more and speed that we American lawyers talk more and speed less than any other equal number of men known

Can it be donbted that the bar of the United States is greatly overcrowded? It may be safely asserted, as a general proposition, that every competent carpenter, blacksmith, tailor and shoemaker-and, for that matter, nearly all the incompetent as welf-can easily make a fair living. it willing to work. It is sad to have to admit that as much cannot be truthfully said of those engaged in the practice of the law. The pecuniary rewards of professional success are insufficient to go around. To-day thousands of the army spoken of by Mr. Field cannot, with any confidence, say how or whence to-morrow's bread shall be obtained. Need we wonder, then, that some members of the profession resort to questionable methods to keep to-gether body and soul? Men so situated are sometimes almost driven, by the tyranny of their necessities, to encourage and promote petty or needless litigation, and to finally engage in the continuous practice of finally engage in the continuous practice of that most despicable form of professional knavery embraced in the word "shystering." Many a one of this class, starting with fair ability and having, by nature, reasonably honest instincts, can exclaim, with Shakapasta's starveling anotherary. with Shakspeare's starveling apothecary "My poverty and not my will consents."
It may be remarked here that one of the curses of professional life is the real or seeming necessity to keep up appearances, involving expenses unknown to most other callings. All things considered, it is not to the honor of our profession that, even among its poorest and humblest

members, only a comparative few are gov-erned by the spirit of the pettifogger? What are the causes of this overcrowding? Among them, in addition to that strong leaning and landable ambition which should influence every young man in choosing a profession, may be enumerated the following: a dislike to manual labor, and, some-times, indeed, to labor of any kind: a feel-ing that trade and mechanical pursuits are not quite "genteel" enough, and last, but not least, the gross exaggeration prevalent as to lawyers' incomes; exaggerations, by the way, too often fostered by the foolish vanity of lawyers themselves. The gains of the few serve as a standard whereby to measure the gains of the many. The receipt of a very large fee by some prominent or fortunate practitioner is always trum-peted abroad, and usually arouses in the minds of embryo lawyers and their hopeful friends false and delusive expectations, similar to those excited in the public breast by the story of some one drawing a big lottery prize. The half truth—half false-hood—that there is "always plenty of room at the top" has misled many an aspiring youth. As well might it be said that every one capable of being President will ultimately get the office if he diligently seek it; that an ordinary loaf will, without a miracle, feed 10,000 people; that one horse can carry fifty riders, or that all the birds of the air can roost on the top of a single tree. Moreover, how few of those admitted to the bar have enough of what may be termed legal instinct to enable them to reach the top, however strong may be their ambition and earnest strivings? "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" Undoubtedly a lawyer may improve himself greatly by study and ex-perience, but these two things never made nor ever will make a great lawyer out of one who lacks the peculiar mental at-tribute just mentioned. It is somewhat to be feared that there are members of the bar whose anxiety to appear in the role of preceptors (?) is so great as to lead them to encourage persons, having neither sufficient education nor aptitude, to engage in the study of the law. How can the conditions and tendencies which lead to the over-crowding of the bar

be lessened? With the view to afford a partial remedy, at least, I venture to offer the following suggestions: To begin with, the courts should raise the standard of admission. Every student should have at the start a good moral character, and a thorough education in the ordinary English branches, with at least an elementary knowledge of Latin. He should required to diligently study the law for not less than three years-a four-years' course would be still better. Before commencing his legal studies he should undergo a preliminary examination, which, as well as the final examination, should be searching and thorough, and not as is now too often the case, especially in the States west of us, a mere matter of form, where it is required at all. In this way quantity will be sacrificed to quality, and we may reasonably hope to recruit the profession mainly with cautious, honorable men, well learned in the law, and to largely exclude ignorant, vulcently remarked, in my hearing, that these requirements might now and then shut out men of the Abraham Lincoln stamp. This is sheer nonsense. Lincoln's preliminary law studies covered a period of more than five years. Furthermore, although unaided by teachers and struggling with utter poverty, he became proficient in nearly all the branches of a good English education before his admission to the bar. A close study of Kirkham's quaint little grammar, together with the careful reading of good books, enabled him to speak and write his native language with more vigor and correctness than are usually shown in the productions of nineteen out of twenty of our college graduates. It must also be remembered that things have greatly changed since Lincoln was a youth. Today the opportunities, both in and out of school, for obtaining an education are so cheap and ample that no one should have the effrontery to seek to enter any learned profession insufficiently prepared. Knowledge, like wisdom in the days of old, "Crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets."

But, apart from all this, we shall not forget that the legal profession exists, solely, to serve the public in an intelligent and practical way, and not to fill the place of an in-tellectual wet-nurse. To the client, who complains that he has been condemned to lose life, liberty and property through his lawyer's gross incapacity, it is no sufficient answer to say that he suffers in order that an untutored genius may learn to use his legal wings.

In the next place, lawyers and law-school professors should be cruelly honest and candid in their information and advice to

young men who contemplate studying law with the expectation of gaining fame and fortune through its practice. No greater kindness can be shown the incompetent than to tell them plainly of their unfitness. As to the competent, we should neither delude them nor permit them to delude them-selves with false hopes. Their attention should be directed, not only to those who, by much good hap and strong endeavor, reach the green spots in the desert, but, as well, to the many others who, with weary feet and hearts forever hungering, pursue the mirage to the far horizon's edge and pass from view—embittered and unsatisfied.

No bowered rest for these in Arcady, No songs of murmuring streams. Noisy but Harmless.

Kansas City Star (Ind.)
Private Dalzell has come out with another tirade against the Republican Congress, with this characteristic utterance: Beware! Your lives are in our hands, and every man of you will be damned to political infamy who fails to shovel out the surplus according to contract." The braying of this ass will benefit rather than injure the Republican party. The Democratic papers which are eagerly striving to secure Dalzell's letters are merely doing their political adversaries a favor.

They Are Not the Reasoning Kind.

Omaha Republican.
The attention of the Prohibitionists in attendance on the interstate convention is called to the good order which rules in Omaha, under a well-regulated and strictly-enforced high-license system, and their candid opinion is asked as to its comparison with the large cities of Iowa and Kansas under prohibition. Come les us reason to-



Summerville Heights, Augusta, Ga.

This new and elegant hotel, with accommodations for 800 guests, will open its doors for winter tourists Dec. 1st, 1889. In its construction, nothing that will contribute to the comfort of its patrons has been omitted; it is unsurpassed in all its appointments and general tone. Otis elevator; steam heat; open fire places in bed rooms; electric bells; telegraph office; elegant pariors and dining room; pure mountain spring water; rooms en suite, with private and public baths; steam laundry; excellent livery, with picturesque drives and walks, are some of its attractions. The Hotel Bon Air will be under the superior management of Mr. C. A. Linsley, of Massachusetts, late proprietor of the Glenham Hotel, Fifth Avenue, New York, and the "Antiers," Colorado Springs. A handsomly illustrated book containing full information will be sent on application to Mr. Linsley, Augusta, Ga.

THOUGHT IT WAS NEURALGIA

But Gun Wa Correctly Diagnosed the Trouble and Effected a Cure.

"Have I been treated by Dr. Gun Wa, and have I been benefited? Well, if you had knon me two months ago you would not have asked those questions," said Mrs. Charles Robinson. "I'll tell you the truth about it. For two years I suffered constantly with what the doctors called neuralgia, and was almost dead. Then I began to get better, and the pain would only last a short time; and then would return with greater violence, and in would leave me in such a nervous state that I was losing my mind. The doctors told my husband that I was going insane, and could not live any length of time. I would be despondent and then happy. Several times, while I was despondent, I had tried to kill myself, and when I had the neuralgia they would have to watch me to prevent my doing it, but I would not do it now, and am glad did not succeed.

"A short time ago my husband took me out to the Insane Asylum, and my friends said all the time I was talking about the asylum; in fact, I had lost my mind. I had no appetite. and was all run down in my general health Along about the first of September we went up-town together, and when I returned I was taken down with the neuralgia again, and could not speak. My friends thought I was dying, and my little daughter and husband stood at my bed crying, and thought I was gone that time. The doctor said he had done everything he could, and if they wanted another doctor to call him, as it was impossible for me to live much longer. But I lay there for three weeks, under the influence of morphine to quiet the pain, and at no time



630 Virginia avenue. "I saw Dr. Gun Wa's circular, and told my husband that I was going to see him, and October 2 we went. Dr. Gun Wa said that my trouble was caused from female weakness, and that it had gone to my brain, and when he said what his price was, my husband said 'we will try it, and if it don't do you any good I'll kick up a muss about it.' I have taken the medicine right along, and the other day I told

my husband that I wished I had a barrel, it was so pleasant to take. "I am well now, and any one that don's think I am can ask any of my neighbors, and they will tell the same thing. I wish all the ladies suffering as I was would call on me, and I'll tell them what Gun Wa's Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies have done for me."

Mrs. Robinson moved here from Cincinnati, and said she had almost broken her husband up in paying doctors' bills and for medicines, and that they were thankful to Gun Wa for having restored her to health and keeping her from an insane asylum.

Those who kindly send Gun Wa their testimonials of cure will confer a favor by inclosing their picture, as without it their testimonials are useless for advertising purposes.

Gun Wa is a Chinese physician, who can not, under the American laws, practice medicine, so he sells prepared Chinese Vegetable Remedies for various diseases. He has been in Indianapolis everal months, during which time he has efferted so many remarkable cures that his name will soon be a household word in Indiana His suite of parlors are in the second story of 25 West Washington street. Every patient will gar and unscrupulous money-grabbers see Gun Wa privately. No charge for consulta-A friendly chat with Gun Wa costs nothing If you cannot call on him, send for his circular on cancer, tapeworm, rheumatism, piles, female weakness, catarrh, or his book on hervous disoffice hours—9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday—10 to 12 a.m., and 1 to 4 p. m. In

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